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## TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

RICHARD FAULDER OF ALLANBAY.

Its sweet to go with hound and hawk,  
O'er moor and mountain roamin';  
Its sweeter to walk on the Solway side,  
With a fair maid at the gloamin';  
But its sweeter to bound o'er the deep green sea,  
When the flood is chafed and foam'n'!  
For the sea-boy has then the prayer of good men,  
And the sighing of lovesome woman.

The wind is up, and the sail is spread,  
And look at the foaming furrow,  
Behind the bark as she shoots away,  
As fleet as the outlaw's arrow;  
And the tears drop fast from lovely eyes,  
And hands are wrung in sorrow;  
And when we come back, there is shout and clap,  
And mirth both night and morrow.—*Old Ballad.*

On a harvest afternoon, when the ripe grain, which clothed the western slope of the Cumberland hills, had partly submitted to the sickle, a party of reapers were seated on a small green knoll, enjoying the brief luxury of the dinner hour. The young men lay stretched on the grass; the maidens sat plaiting and arranging their locks into more graceful and seducing ringlets; while three hoary old men sat abreast and upright, looking on the Sea of Solway, which was spread out with all its romantic variety of headland, and rock, and bay below them. The mid-day sun had been unusually sultry, accompanied with hot and suffocating rushings of wind; and the appearance of a huge and dark cloud, which hung, like a canopy of smoke and flame over a burning city—betokened to an experienced swain, an approaching storm. One of the old reapers shook his head, and combing the remainder snow over his forehead with his fingers, said:—"Woes me! one token comes, and another token arises, of tempest and wrath on that darkening water. It comes to my memory like a dream:—for I was but a boy then groping trouts in Ellenwater—that it was on such a day, some fifty years ago, that the Bonnie Babie Allan of Saint Bees, was wrecked on that rock, o'er the top of which the tide is whirling and boiling, and the father and three brethren of Richard Faulder were drowned. How can I forget such a sea!

It leaped on the shore among these shells and pebbles, as high as the mast of a brig; and threw its foam as far as the corn-ricks of Walter Selby's stackyard; and that's a good half mile."

"Is warrant," interrupted a squat and demure old man, whose speech was a singular mixture of Cumbrian English and Border Scotch—"Is warrant, Willie, your memory will be rife o' the loss of the lovely lass of Annanwater, who whome'd, keel upward on the hip of the Mermaid rock, and split her rare wameful of rare brandy into the thankless Solway. Faith mickle good liquor has been thrown into that punch-bowl; but fiend adrop of grog was ever made out of such a thrifless bason. It will aiblens be long afore such a guide-send comes to our coast again. There was Saunders Macmichael was drunk between yule and yule—for by——"

"Waes me, well may I remember that duleful day," interrupted the third bandsman: "It cost me a fair son, my youngest and my best; I had seven once, alas! what have I now—three were devoured by that false and unstable water; three perished by the sharp swords of those highland invaders, who slew so many of the gallant Dacres and Selbys at Clifton and Carlisle, but the Cumberland Ravens had their revenge! I mind the head and lang yellow hair of him who slew my Forster Selby, hanging over the Scottish gate of Carlisle. Aye, I was avenged no doubt. But the son I have left, has disgraced, forever, the pure blood of the Selbys, by wedding a border Gordon, with as mickle Gypsy blood in her veins as would make plebians of all the Howards and the Percies. I would rather have stretched him in the church-ground of Allanbay, with the mark of a Hieland man's brand on his brow, as was the lot of his brave brothers; or gathered his body from among these rocks, as I did those of my other children!—But oh, sirs, when did man witness so fearful a coming-on as yon dark sky forebodes."

While this conversation went on, the clouds had assembled on the summits of the Scottish and Cumbrian mountains, and a thick canopy of them, which hung over

the Isle of Man, waxed more ominous and vast. A light, as of a fierce fire-burning, dropped frequent from its bosom; throwing a sort of supernatural flame along the surface of the water, and shewing distinctly the haven, and houses, and shipping, and haunted castle of the Isle. The old men sat silently gazing on the scene, while cloud succeeded cloud, till the whole congregating vapor, unable to sustain itself longer, stooped suddenly down from the opposing peaks of Criffel and Skiddaw, filling up the mighty space between the mountains, and approaching so close to the bottom of the ocean, as to leave room alone for the visible flight of the seamew and cormorant.

The water-fowl, starting from the sea, flew landward in a flock, fanning the waves with their wings, and uttering that wild and piercing scream, which distinguishes them from all other fowls when their haunts are disturbed. The clouds and darkness increased, and the bird on the rock, the cattle in the fold, and the reapers in the field, all looked upward, and seaward, expecting the coming of the storm.

"Benjamin Forster," said an old reaper to me, as I approached his side, and stood gazing on the sea: "I counsel thee, youth, to go home, and shelter these young hairs beneath thy mother's roof. The mountains have covered their heads; and hearken, too, that hollow moan running among the cliffs! There is a voice of mourning, my child, goes along the seaciffs of Solway before she swallows up the sea-faring man. Seven times have I heard that warning voice in one season; and it cries, wo to the wives and the maids of Cumberland!"

On the summit of a knoll, which swelled gently from the margin of a snail beck or rivulet, and which was about a dozen yards apart from the main body of the reapers, sate a young Cumbrian maiden, who seemed wholly intent on the arrangement of a profusion of nut-brown locks, which descended in clustering masses upon her back and shoulders. This wilderness of ringlets owed, apparently, as much of its curling elegance to nature as to art, and

flowed down on all sides with a profusion rivalling the luxuriant tresses of the madonnas of the Roman painters. Half in coquetry, and half in willingness, to restrain her tresses under a small fillet of green silk, her fingers, long, round, and white, continued shedding and disposing of this beautiful fleece. At length, the locks were fastened under the fillet, a band denoting maidenhood; and her lily-looking hands, dropping across each other in repose from their toil, allowed the eye to admire a smooth and swan-white neck, which presented one of those natural and elegant sinuous lines that sculptures desire so much to communicate to marble. Amid all this sweetness and simplicity, there appeared something of rustic archness and coquetry; but it was a kind of natural and born vanity, of which little gives a grace and joyousness to beauty. Those pure creations of female simplicity, which shine in pastoral speculations, are unknown among the ruddy and buxom damsels of Cumberland. The maritime nymphs of Allanbay are not unconscious of their charms, or careless about their preservation; and to this maiden, nature had given so much female tact, as enabled her to know, that a beautiful face, and large dark hazel eyes, have some influence among men. When she had wreathed up her tresses to her own satisfaction, she began to cast around her such glances, suddenly shot, and as suddenly withdrawn, as would have been dangerous, concentrated on one object, but which divided with care, even to the fractional part of a glance, among several kinds, infused a sort of limited joy, without exciting hope. Indeed, this was the work of the maiden's eyes alone, for her heart was employed about its own peculiar care, and its concern was fixed on a distant and different object. She pulled from her bosom a silken case curiously wrought with the needle: a youth sat on the figured prow of a bark, and beneath him a mermaid swam on the green silken sea, waving back her long tresses with one hand, and supplicating the young seaman with the other. This singular production seemed the sanctuary of her triumphs over the hearts of men. She began to empty out its contents in her lap, and the jealousy of many a Cumbrian maiden, from Allanbay to Saint Bees-head, would have been excited by learning whose loves these emblems represented. There were letters expressing the ardor of rustic affection: locks of hair, both black and brown, tied up in shreds of silk, and keepsakes, from the magnitude of

a simple brass pin, watered with gold, to a massy brooch of price and beauty. She arranged these primitive treasures, and seemed to ponder over the vicissitudes of her youthful affections. Her eyes, after lending a brief scrutiny to each keepsake and symbol, finally fixed their attention on a brooch of pure gold: as she gazed on it she gave a sigh, and looked seaward, with a glance which showed that her eye was following in the train of her affections. The maiden's brow saddened at once, as she beheld the thick gathering of the clouds; and depositing her treasure in her bosom, she continued to gaze on the darkening sea, with a look of increasing emotion.

The experienced mariners on the Scottish and Cumbrian coasts, appeared busy mooring, and double mooring their vessels. Some sought a securer haven, and those who allowed their barks to remain, prepared them, with all their skill, for the encounter of a storm, which no one reckoned distant. Something now appeared in the space between the sea and the cloud, and emerging more fully, and keeping the centre of the sea, it was soon known to be a heavily laden ship, apparently making for the haven of Allanbay. When the cry of "A ship! a ship!" arose among the reapers: one of the old men, whose eyes were something faded, after intently gazing, said, with a tone of sympathy: "It is a ship indeed, and woes me, but the path it is in be perilous in a moment like this!"

"She'll never pass the sunken rocks of Saint Bees-head," said one old man: "nor weather the headland of Barnhourie and the caverns of Colven," said another:—"And should she pass both," said a third, "the tempest, which now heaves up the sea within a cable's length of her stern, will devour her ere she finds shelter in kindly Allanbay!"

"Gude send," said he of the mixed brood of Cumberland and Caledonia: "since she maun be wrecked, that she spills nae her treasure on the thankless shores of Galloway! These northerns be a keen people, with a ready hand, and a clutch like steel: besides, she seems a Cumberland bark, and it's meet that we have our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-mews."

"Oh! see, see!" said the old man, three of whose children had perished when the Bonnie Babie Allan sank—"see how the waves are beginning to be lifted up!—Hearken how deep calls to deep; and hear, and see, how the winds and the win-

dows of heaven are loosened! Save thy servants, even those sea-faring men—should there be but one righteous person on board!" And the old reaper rose and stretched out his hands in supplication as he spoke.

The ship came boldly down the middle of the bay, the masts bending and quivering, and the small deck crowded with busy men, who looked wistfully to the coast of Cumberland.

"She is the lady Johnstone of Annanwater," said one "coming with wood from Norway."

"She is the Buxom Bess of Allanbay," said another, "laden with the best of West India rum."

"And I," said the third old man, "would have thought her the Mermaid of Richard Faulder; but," added he in a lower tone, "the Mermaid has not been heard of, nor seen for months; and the Faulders are a doomed race: his bonny brig and he are in the bottom of the sea; and with them sleeps the pride of Cumberland, Frank Forster of Derwentor."

The subject of their conversation approached within a couple of miles, turned her head for Allanbay, and, though the darkness almost covered her as a shroud, there seemed every chance that she would reach the port ere the tempest burst. But just as she turned for the Cumbrian shore, a rush of wind shot across the bay, furrowing the sea as hollow as the deepest glen, and heaving it up masthead high. The cloud too dropt down upon the surface of the sea, the winds loosened at once lifted the waves in multitudes against the cliffs; and the foam fell upon the reapers, like a shower of snow. The loud chafing of the waters on the rocks, prevented the peasants from heaving the cries of men whom they had given up to destruction. At length the wind, which came in whirlwind gusts, becoming silent for a little while, the voice of a person singing, was heard from the sea, far above the turbulence of the waves. Old William Selby uttered a shout, and said:

"That is the voice of Richard Faulder, if ever I heard it in the body. He is a fearful man, and never sings in the hour of gladness, but in the hour of danger; terror and death are beside him, when he lifts his voice to sing. This is the third time I have listened to his melody, and many mothers will weep, and maidens too, if his song have the same ending as of old."

The voice waxed bolder, and approached the shore: and, as nothing could be dis-



cerned, so thick was the darkness, the song was impressive and even awful.

THE SONG OF RICHARD FAULDER.

It's merry, it's merry, among the moonlight,  
When the pipe and the cittern is sounding—  
To rein, like a war-steed, my shallop, and go  
O'er the bright waters merrily bounding.  
It's merry, it's merry, when fair Allanbay,  
With its bridal candles is glancing—  
To spread the white sails of my vessel, and go  
Among the wild sea-waters dancing:

And it's blythsoomer still, when the storm is come  
on,

And the Solway's wide waves are ascending  
In huge and dark curls—and the shaven masts  
groan,

And the canvas to ribbons is rending :  
When the dark heaven stoops down unto the  
dark deep,

And the thunder speaks 'mid the commotion,  
Awaken and see, ye who slumber and sleep,  
The might of the Lord on the ocean !

This frail bark, so late growing green in the wood,  
Where the roebuck is joyously ranging,  
Now doomed for to roam o'er the wild fishy flood,  
When the wind to all quarters is changing—  
Is as safe to thy feet as the proud palace floor,  
And as firm as green Skiddaw below thee—  
For God has come down to the ocean's dread  
depths,

His might and his mercy to show thee.

As the voice ceased, the ship appeared, through the cloud, approaching the coast in full swing ; her sails rent, and the wave and foam flashing over her, mid-mast high. The maiden, who has already been introduced to the affection of the reader, gazed on the ship, and, half suppressing a shriek of joy, flew down to the shore, where the cliffs, sloping backwards from the sea, presented a ready landing place, when the waves were more tranquil than now. Her fellow reapers came crowding to her side, and looked on the address and hardihood of the crew, who with great skill and success, navigated their little bark through, and among the sand-banks, and sunken rocks, which make the Solway so perilous and fatal to seamen. At last they obtained the shelter of a huge cliff, which, stretching like a promontory into the sea, broke the impetuosity of the waves, and afforded them hopes of communicating with their friends, who, with ropes and horses, were seen hastening to the shore.

But, although Richard Faulder, and his Mermaid, were now little more than a cable length distant from the land, the peril of their situation seemed a little lessened. The winds had greatly abated, but the sea with that impulse communicated by the

storm, threw itself against the rocks, elevating its waters high over the summits of the highest cliffs, and leaping and foaming around the bark, with a force that made her reel and quiver, and threatened to stave her to pieces. The old and skilful mariner himself, was observed amid the confusion and danger as collected and self-possessed, as if he had been entering the bay in the tranquillity of a summer evening with a hundred hands waving and welcoming his return. His spirit and deliberation seemed more or less communicated to his little crew ; but chiefly to Frank Forster, who, in the ardent buoyancy of youth, moved as he moved, thought as he thought, and acted from his looks alone, as if they had been both informed with one soul. In those times, the benevolence of individuals had not been turned to multiply the means of preserving seamen's lives ; and the mariner in the hour of peril, owed his life to chance, his own endeavors, or the intrepid exertions of the humane peasantry. The extreme agitation of the sea rendered it difficult to moor or abandon the bark with safety ; and several young men ventured fearlessly in the flood on horseback, but could not reach the rope which the crew threw out to form a communication with the land. Young Forster, whose eye seemed to have singled out some object of regard on shore, seized the rope ; then leaping, with a plunge, into the sea, he made the waters flash ! Though for a moment he seemed swallowed up, he emerged from the billows like a water fowl, and swam shoreward with unexpected agility and strength. The old mariner gazed after him with a look of deep concern ; but none seemed more alarmed, than the maiden with many keepsakes. As he seized the rope, the lily suddenly chased the rose from her cheek, and uttering a loud scream—and crying out, "*Oh help him, save him !*" She flew down to the shore and plunged into the water, holding out her arms while the flood burst against her, breast-high.

"God guide me, Maud Marchbank," cried William Selby, "ye'll drown the poor lad out of pure love. I think," continued he, stepping back, and shaking the brine from his clothes, "I am the mad person myself : a caress and a kiss from young Frank of Derwentwater is making her comfortable enough. Alas, but youth 'be easily pleased ; it is as the northern song says—

Content'd wi' little, and cantie wi' mair ;  
but old age is a delightless time !"

To moor the bark was the labor of a few

moments, and fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts, welcomed the youths they had long reckoned among the dead, with affection and tears. All had some friendly hand and eye to welcome and rejoice in them, save the brave old mariner, Richard Faulder, alone. To him no one spoke, on him no eye was turned ; all seemed desirous of shunning communication with a man to whom common belief attributed endowments and powers, which came not as knowledge and might come to other men, and whose wisdom was of that kind, against which the most prudent divines, and the most skilful legislators, directed the rebuke of church and law. I remember hearing my father say, that when Richard Faulder, who was equally skilful in horsemanship and navigation, offered to stand on his grey horse's bare back, and gallop down the street of Allanbay, he was prevented from betting against the accomplishment of this equestrian vaunt, by a Scotchman, who in the brief manner of his country, said, "*dinna wager, Thomas ; God guide yere wits—that man's no cannie !*" At that time, though a stripling of seventeen, and possessed strongly with the belief of the mariner's singular powers, I could not avoid sympathizing with his fortune, and the forlorn look with which he stood on the deck, while his companions were welcomed and caressed on shore. Nothing, indeed, could equal the joy which fathers and mothers manifested towards their children, but the affection and tenderness with which they were hailed by the bright eyes of the Cumbrian maidens.

"His name be praised," said one old man, to whose bosom a son had been unexpectedly delivered from the waves.

"And blessed be the hour ye were saved from the salt sea, and that fearful man," said a maiden whose blushing cheek, and brightening eye, indicated more than common sympathy.

"And oh ! Stephen Porter, my son," resumed the father, "never set foot on shipboard, with that mariner more !"

In another group stood a young seaman with his sister's arms linked round his neck, receiving the blessings, and the admonitions, which female lips shower so vainly upon the sterner sex :—"This is the third time, Giles, thou hast sailed with Richard Faulder ; and every time my alarm and thy perils increase. Many a fair face he has witnessed the fate of ; and many a fair ship has he survived the wreck of : think of the sea, since think of it thou must, but never more with such a companion."

In another group stood a young woman gazing on a sailor's face, and, in her looks, fear and love held equal mastery. "Oh! William Rowanberry," said she, and her hand trembled with affection in his while she spoke; "I would have held my heart widowed for one year and a day in memory of thee: and though there be fair lads in Ullswater, and still fairer in Allanbay, I'll no say they would have prevailed against my regard for thee before the summer. But I warn thee," and she whispered, waving her hand seaward, to give importance to the words, "never be found on the great deep with that man with thee again!"

Meanwhile, the subject of this singular conversation kept pacing from stem to stern of the Mermaid, gazing now and then wistfully shoreward, though he saw not a soul with whom he might share his affections. His grey hair, and his melancholy look, won their way to my youthful regard, while his hale and stalwart frame could not fail of making an impression on one not wholly insensible to the merits of the exterior person. A powerful mind in poetical justice, should have a noble place of abode. I detached myself a little from the mass of people that filled the shore, and seemed to busy myself with some drift wood, which the storm had brought to the hollow of a small rock. I had an opportunity of hearing the old mariner chaunt, as he paced to and fro, the fragment of an old maritime ballad, a part of which is still current among the seamen of Solway, along with many other singular rhymes full of marine superstition and adventure.

#### SIR RICHARD'S VOYAGE.

Sir Richard shot swift from the horse, and sailed  
Till he reached Barnhourie's steep,  
And a voice came to him from the green land,  
And one from the barren deep:  
The green sea shuddered, and he did shake,  
For the words were those which no mortals make.

Away he sailed—and the lightning came,  
And streamed from the top of his mast;  
Away he sailed, and the thunder came,  
And spoke from the depth of the blast:—  
"O God!" he said—and his tresses so hoar,  
Shone bright 't' the flame as he shot from the shore.

Away he sailed, and the green isles smiled,  
And the sea-birds sang around:  
He sought to land—and down sank the shores,  
With a loud and a murmuring sound;  
And where the green wood and the sweet sod  
Should be,  
There tumbled a wild and shoreless sea.

Away he sailed—and the moon looked out,  
With one large star by her side:  
Down shot the star, and upsprang the sea-fowl,  
With a shriek—and roared the tide!  
The bark with a leap, seemed the stars to sweep,  
And then to dive in the hollowest deep.

Criffel's green mountain towered on his right;  
Upon his left Saint Bees;  
Behind, Caerlaverock's charmed ground,  
Before, the wild wide seas:  
And there a Witch-fire, broad and bright,  
Shed far a wild unworldly light!

A lady sat high on Saint Bees' head,  
With her pale cheek on her hand,  
She gazed forth on the troubled sea,  
And on the troubled land:  
She lifted her hands to heaven—her eyes  
Rained down bright tears; still the shallop flies.

The shallop shoulders the surge, and flies,  
But at that lady's prayer,  
The charmed wind fell mute nor stirred  
The rings of her golden hair:  
And over the sea there passed a breath  
From heaven—the sea lay mute as death.

And the shallop sunders the gentle flood,  
No breathing wind is near:  
And the shallop sunders the gentle flood,  
And the flood, lies still with fear;  
And the ocean, the earth, and the heavens smile  
sweet,  
As sir Richard kneels low at that lady's feet!

While the old mariner chaunted this maritime rhyme, he looked upon me from time to time, and perhaps felt pleased in exciting the interest of a youthful mind, and obtaining a regard which had been but sparingly bestowed in his native land. He loosed a little skiff, and stepping into it, pushed through the surge to the place where I stood and was in a moment beside me. I could not help gazing, with an eye reflecting wonder and respect, on a face, bold, and mournful, and martial, as his was, which had braved so long "the battle and the breeze." He threw across my shoulders a mantle of leopard skin, and said, as he walked towards his little cottage on the rock, "Youth, I promised that mantle to the first one who welcomed me from a voyage of great peril: take it, and be happier than the giver, and glad am I to be welcomed by the son of my old captain—Randal Forster."

Such were the impressive circumstances under which I became acquainted with Richard Faulder of Allanbay.

The man who prides himself not on his personal conduct, but on a long line of ancestry, has been ludicrously, but justly, compared to the potatoe plant, the best part of which is under ground.

#### LITERARY.

##### HONESTY.

I look upon moral honesty as consisting of a pure and unconditional respect for the distinctions of *meum et tuum* for their own sake, to be the rarest quality in human nature. Indeed, if it might not appear too bold for a prefatory remark, I should go so far as to deny the existence of any such quality altogether, setting it down as a chimaera of the schools, or at best as a fanciful possibility—the philosopher's stone of ethics. I am not learned in the Spurzheim topography of the skull, and therefore cannot lay a demonstrative finger on the spot; but if there be truth in the science, I venture to affirm that his "*sceretigeness*" has an answering bump on every head among us that is out of its first cap. Observe the dispositions and habits of children and savages, or of any people in whom inclination has not been adulterated by the artifices of law. How unaffected, how guileless is their knavery! It sits upon them, not as an acquired sin, but as a piece of natural freedom—a fine generous error of the original heart. The South Sea islanders, with their pretty primitive tricks, have been shockingly used by their various visitors. They have always been reported to be thieves, in our European sense of that opprobrious title, and treated accordingly. Poor honest rogues not of their own making, I pity them heartily! It is true, they would become proprietors of a hatchet, or a ten-penny nail, let it belong to whom it might; and what then? The true thieves, it has always appeared to me, were those who had the heart to make them restore what it so suited them to call their own. I could as soon have reclaimed an apple that a baby had *stolen* from my pocket, as have defrauded one of these simple creatures of any thing that it had pleased him in his liberality to take from me. *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*; in other words, my brethren of Owhyhee should have picked my pockets, and welcome.

How nearly allied are covetousness and dishonesty! and are we not all covetous? We are alive, at least, to the great directing impulse of the robber, however we may have learned, on prudential considerations, to moderate its action. We refrain, I grant; but our mouths water, and that is not to be innocent. The *mala mens*, the desire, the diagnostic bump, are not to be removed. Thieving is a hard word, a low phrase for general application; let us call it the disposition to humor our wants, the longing to



appropriate whatever presents itself to our tastes and fancies as agreeable or convenient. We are not all thieves, in the vulgar sense of the term : far from it. A thief is not a man who has a love of taking to himself whatsoever pleases him, but one who will take, in contempt of all consequences. He is insensible to infamy, and therein differs from us all ; not in that he is dishonest. But how should there be infamy connected with offences to which we have all an eager, if not an equal proclivity ? There is a sort of conventional shame that protects our possessions, not the shame of dishonesty, but the shame of the gallows. In the absence of any provision in our moral sense, it was necessary, for the security of property, to set up a prejudice against being hanged. The desire of keeping, coeval and conspiring with the desire of getting, made it suitable, upon the whole, that laws should be appointed for restraining the licentiousness of the general hand. Avarice, with whatever pain, has politic reasons for checking the ardor of its great provider, covetousness. Such artificial checks, however, can be regarded only in the light of commercial regulations, of effectual service to the morality of the shops, but without much influence upon that of our minds. We have no instinctive horror of dishonesty in our nature, as we have of many other crimes. We have no sense of naked and intrinsic deformity in it, and therefore dress it up in frightful clothing, black its face, and then call it a monster. It is no true fiend, but "a painted devil," which we permit, by a species of collusion, to call the blushes to our cheeks, and make our hearts quake within us. The judge, the bar, the rope—these are the dread supplements which constitute its sin and shame. A man would bear to hear any thing of an ancestor but that he had been hanged. Were a nobleman to be convicted of "stealing to the amount of forty shillings," we should despise him, not for the enormity of his crime, but for the stigma of its punishment. That he should no longer be an honest man we could bear ; but he is no longer a gentleman, and we close our hearts against him for ever. We give ourselves airs, because we feel that we could not have exposed ourselves to such a penalty, and so call ourselves honest. We are respectors of the law, not honest. A rogue (if such name must be) who secures a good prize from the pocket of another, is a "lucky dog;" we hear of his success, and wink, and look sly and sympathetic at one another ; take the wretch to Bow-

street, and you make him a thief, whom we may not countenance.

— In the crowd,  
May it please your excellency, your thief looks  
Exactly like the rest, or rather better ;  
'Tis only at the bar, and in the dungeon,  
That wise men know your felon by his features.

If there is no sacrifice of gentility and public character ; if a man is low enough in the world to be hanged without discredit, mere thieving, even in its compound iniquity of crime and penalty, is not regarded with any very serious displeasure. The thief is hanged, to be sure, in deference to our anti-social interests in our watches, snuff-boxes, and pocket handkerchiefs ; but morally speaking, how are we affected ? One of the sprightliest articles I remember in a celebrated Review, was on the subject of *Botany Bay*—and who wonders ? See our police reports, with their regular formula of wit and banter ; the jokes on the bench ; the facetiousness of counsel, and the general waggery that sparkles on the face of the whole court, where nothing more heinous is in question than a little sleight of hand by which property has changed its owner. One wonders sometimes how the comedy should be wound up into "guilty," whips, chains or death. What hearty glee and laughter are always called forth by the representation of the *Beggar's Opera*—a whole theatre, boxes, pit, galleries, betrayed into one expression of chuckling consciousness, not by the touches of general satire, or innocent playfulness, with which the piece abounds, but by the villainy of the business, the irresistible *Fitch*. This spectacle is too much for our caution ; it breaks through all our assumptions of affectation and disguise, and discovers our true kind and class, in the manner that a handful of nuts brought out, in a moment, the inalienable ape-hood of the monkey-players. The neatness and suitable drollery, with which poor little Simmons used to whisk away a neighbor's handkerchief was acknowledged, felt, by the whole house. Could not people sit forever, let me ask, to witness the ravenous thievery of Grimaldi ? Could we ever tire as long as we could be stealing sausages for our entertainment ? It is wonderful indeed as the song says, that "we have not better company at—Tyburn Tree."

The law, in setting up its fences and land-marks, mercifully left us some open ground—a patch of *common* here and there, on which we may indulge our free natures, without fear or responsibility. In these "liberties," there is no security for our fair conduct, but our in-born honesty ; and how

does it acquit itself in its office ? Tell a winning gamester that he has taken the whole worldly support from some poor wretch, and given him over with a wife and children to famine or a jail ; appeal to his honesty, you have potent claims ; tell him that the man whom he has ruined, had no exclusive title to the money which he risked : that, if callous on his own account, he had no right to play away the interests of his wife and children in his property ; in short, that he was dishonest in his losses, and that the winner must be equally so in his gains, differing only as the receiver differs from the thief. "Very afflicting," the gamester will allow, or, more characteristically, "very unlucky," but will he restore the money ? not a stiver.

A gentleman cannot be a horse-stealer—for obvious reasons ; but may he not sell a horse to an acquaintance, and conceal, or not proclaim his blemishes ? We are very willing at all events to take a *warranty*, even from "the best noblemen in the land." Stealing books in a friendly familiar way ; pocketing carelessly a light pamphlet, or portable poem, is not felony ; and what is the consequence ? Every man who has a library gives out with angry determinacy, that he never lends a book ; he does not wish to be personal ; but press him, and he will inform you, that he never in his life lent one that was returned. I have myself lost (lost indeed !) the fifteenth number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and with all I can say, I have not a friend who has the candor to come forward and confess the robbery.—Stealing other people's thoughts out of books, I just mention, as decidedly of kin to the great family-failing that I am treating of. There is vindictive law, however, for this description of pilfering—the critics ! not over-honest themselves, as witnesses—their *extracts*.

Law, if it confines our hands cannot control our hearts : it may not allow us to be thieves, but it cannot make us honest. Look at the old lady (we all know whom) at the whist table. What is it that keeps her from sweeping into her own lap every sixpence on the board ? Watch her unholy eagerness ; her daring equivocations ; her "two by honors" ; always ; her flushed and hurrying agitations on the very borders of petty larceny ; and say if she is honest ;—sincerely does she despise the thought of sixpences that do not belong to her ? The good lady has a horror of sir Robert Birnie that may not be acknowledged by Bill Soames, but is she more honest ? The familiar caution of "Hold up your cards sir,"

is really very little removed in the spirit of its signification from the well known cry of "Mind your pockets, ladies and gentlemen." A round game, if the truth may be told, is no other, as concerns the minds of the parties, than a general scramble—a "snatch" at the pool—a "go it," for the sweepstakes. People may talk as they please about playing fair, and the rules of game, but the essence of the sport is precisely *fingering*. There is no sight more unpleasant than a party of young women at a round game, striving with reddened and fierce faces to make beggars of one another. I have seen a beautiful girl of eighteen rendered positively offensive to look at by the bravo like manner with which she would turn up *ringt-un*. I could have yielded up what money I ever carry, or have to carry, to a regular "stand and deliver," on Finchley Common, with far less reluctance than to this Machiath of the card table. The mistaken creature robbed herself of so much while she was robbing me, that I could in no way pardon her. For my part I would sooner see women drinking brandy than winning half-crowns. If they will play at cards, let it be only "for love," or some such lady-like stake. They *should* know the interests of their own attractions; yet surely a pretty woman is guilty of a grievous miscalculation, when she wastes her smiles and frowns on a pool at loo. How can an angel with any face be asking a gentleman, one dying for her perhaps, for change for a pound note, or three sixpences for eighteen pence? The whole business has a detestable taint of meanness, vulgarity and hard-heartedness about it. Wax lights and rose wood tables cannot sanctify such exhibitions; with the Countess behind her cards, and the purple nosed hag at the fair behind her round-about, "one down—two down"—the little, dirty, narrow, degrading passion is the same. But I am wandering.

I have stated the desire of gratifying our wants to be the soul of dishonesty; and it will be found, I believe, that people are honest in proportion to the fewness of their wants. Who is honest? He who has no want that he cannot supply, and no wish that he cannot satisfy. Savages, who want or procure with difficulty and imperfectly, the first necessities of life, are thieves by fatality. To tell them to be honest, is like telling the m not to be hungry. A civilized people then, in a land of abundance, are alone "all honourable men?" By no means—for if among them there are more than the necessities of our condition are fully and

readily provided for, they have an infinity of superadded wants, the growth of luxury and refinement, that are quite sufficient to preserve our original *secretiveness* in full life and activity. A man who wants food and clothing, and one who wants a carriage and an opera box, are equally in the broad way of dishonesty. I speak of dishonesty in relation to pure moral principle: that we keep our fingers in order is nothing: the poor savages will not be behind our politeness in this point of decorum, when it shall please them, on "some fair future day," to set up lawyers, judges, and gibbets. The inequalities that prevail, and must prevail, in civilized society, will not allow our minds to be at rest: there is always something to envy and to want, even for those who have more than they want. A gentleman who can feed fifty mouths, besides his own, at dinner time, might be said to have enough, were it not notorious, that Lord C—— frequently sits down to a meal with two hundred guests at his table. The baronet is always in a state of temptation till he is a lord; and the lord is any body's man but his own, as long as there is a ribbon or a garter which he does not possess. There is no "highest amongst men"—no pre-eminent resting place for any one, from whence he can see nothing that is not beneath him. Kings have their competitors, and are as full of wants as paupers. Dishonesty in such high personages is called ambition; but call it what you please, it is the same restless and rapacious greediness, acting according to its station and its opportunities, as influences the meanest amongst us. Kings would be sacking territories and pilfering prerogative, in the same spirit with which beggars would be robbing hen-roosts. It has been justly observed that, as respects manners and moral character, there are many striking points of resemblance between the extreme conditions of human life—between kings and the lowest of their subjects. The parties are alike free from responsibility, the one being too high, and the other too low, to be reached by the checks of custom and public opinion. It proves so, I think, very unequivocally, in the affair of honesty. The whole world, I sincerely believe, is a knave at bottom; but a man distinguished only by a good coat on his back, must keep his nature down, and, whatever may be his dreams, must wake and walk as the law directs. Kings and the man of rags alone, do as they please: there is no "pining in thought" for them; they leave dreaming to those beneath or above them, and dash gal-

lantly into the field of action, your only fearless depredators. Were I a king—but I forbear! my modesty faints before so strange an hypothesis.

There are wants which seem to be craving and impetuous, in proportion as they are far fetched and irrelevant, or removed from common feeling and participation.—Collectors—those who number among their wants, rare prints and pictures, an *unique* gem, or solitary coin—are thieves to a man. The hankering of the collector is complex, being founded on his regret for what he has not, and for what others have. He would glory in acquiring a queen Anne's farthing, but would be still sleepless, if he could not take it from Mr. Davies. Bury it—let it not be at all, and he might be content; but that it should be, and for another, is intolerable. Rarities, in a national museum create no envy; they belong to nobody: it is in the house of a friend that they become provoking, and drive a man to sin. That it is possible for a virtuoso of common pretensions, so beset and excited, to be strictly honest, I quite deny. Mr. Longfoot has not stolen, I know, and will not, and would not steal, I believe, a Hogarth print in my possession, which is just *wanting* to make his set complete; but, between friends, let me ask him, if he has not in his heart purloined it a hundred times over. If, as he stood with his eyes fixed upon it last Tuesday, for instance, in a state of abstraction, he was not rioting in the luxury of an hypothetical felony, I am a greater dunce at interpreting a reverie than I should be willing to consider myself. I have myself some *virtu* about me, and have of course my "confessions" on the subject, if I choose to make them. My collection, as yet, is fairly come by, I believe; but I should be much obliged to Mr. H. if he would not show me that *Olto* of his any more. *Verbum sat*.

A great city is a perilous school for dishonesty, not only from the relief that it exposes to the naked and hungry, but from the ostentatious excitements to enjoyment with which it meets every whimsical wish and want that can enter the imagination of luxurious man. The gorgeous shops of London, which invent for us half the wants that they supply, are enough to make the best of us tremble for the possible consequences. Where is the person, gentle or simple, that can walk through Oxford-street, and be sensible within his own bosom that he is an honest man? The things are all for sale, we know; but what is to become of "poor human nature," with no



money in her pocket. Look at those youngsters who with slabbering mouths and vindictive eyes, beset the windows of the pastry cooks; observe that shabby oldish gentleman, with the green spectacles, dreaming and sighing away half the morning at the outside (he dares not go in) of the curiosity-shop; mark that lean thoughtful person (he has not sixpence in the world) *handling* that precious turbot; and the gaily dressed spark a door or two farther on, pondering over those enthralling cases of rings, seals and shirt pins; see how the smart jockey in top boots there, stares at, till he almost owns every *Dennett* and *Tilbury* at the coach makers; and with what a kingly smile that poor author-like-looking man surveys the phenomena of the cook's shop—he is eating that ham with the glass between them; and then note the women, the crowds, well dressed and ill dressed, old and young, who haunt the shops as under a spell; not those who bargain or buy—let them pass—but the far greater multitudes who flutter about the windows and doors, who look, and think, and fancy, and guess, and wonder, and like, and wish, and try, and touch, and—all but take; these various persons, innocent as they seem, and as they are in the judgment of the law, what are they before their consciences? Such indulgences are so habitual to us, and pass through our minds in such easy and rapid succession, that we pay no deep attention to them in their particulars, and suffer ourselves night after night (so graceless do we become) to sleep and forget them. It would be curious, and not uninteresting, were a person, in mercantile phrase, to open a regular account against himself touching such proceedings, so that all his contraband imaginations before shop windows might be occasionally served up to him a full and formal bill of lading. A day book like this, *honestly* kept (there's the rub again) would be as a looking glass, in which a man might see his true face, tho' one which he and his friends might scarcely be willing to own. Any lady thinking herself honest, would be startled, I dare say, at a diary of but a single morning's fraudulence set forth in full amount; four dozen Cashmere shawls; twelve groce of straw bonnets; one hundred lace caps, and so on, a multitudinous litter of ill-gotten property turned out before her conscience, which might remind her with advantage of those veritable heaps of plunder, that are frequently brought to light in the hands of some practical rogue, and strewed, to the amazement of the world, before the eyes of

some inquisitor of the police. The lady perhaps, sees no ghosts of skeleton-keys, picklocks and iron crows, amidst her fancy pillage, but there the goods are; I stick to that; and how came they there? Shop-ping and shop-lifting, I fear, are but too frequently, in a moral sense, convertible terms; the latter has a very bad name, and certainly deserves it, while her hypocrite sister, who professes "to pay for every thing," looks the world in the face, and meets with reverence. Pay for every thing! I have seen a lady, after poring for two hours over unfurled roods of cambrics, prints and muslins, till the whole counter was a pile of ruin and disorder before her, finally come to a conclusion for three yards of penny bobbin, and take her leave. If this lady had not more for her money than was honest, I give up the question.

Upon the whole, I am clearly of opinion that a man who has it at heart to be wholly honest, who, while he would scorn to be a thief, would keep his inclinations also "from picking and stealing," must avoid the haunts of fashionable wants and necessities, fly from cities and all large assemblages of his fellows, and not rest with confidence, till he reaches the mountains of Switzerland or Wales. In these simple regions, where enough to eat is pretty near the limit of civilization, he will find the only home of pure, uncoveting honesty. The savage is a craver—*meum* or *tuum*—he eats any thing that he can get; but in the condition next above his, where every one is sure of his lawful dinner, and no one has learned any other want; there, people are by necessity content; there no one covets what another has *not* got. Perfect plenty and perfect equality leave no motive for stealing or wishing; every stomach is full, and for the rest, rocks and waterfalls move no envy; they are yours and mine; the sky has no partialities, it covers us all. This is to be honest on very hard terms, to be sure; it is better, perhaps, to be a bit of a rogue in good company.

#### AN AMATEUR MOURNER.

Mr. L. was a gentleman of an independent fortune, which he exhausted in the course of a few years, in gratifying one of those whims which we learn from the investigation into lord Portsmouth's case, was not peculiar to himself. Like his Lordship, the principal enjoyment of Mr. L. was attending funerals. When he heard of the death of any great man, through the channel of the papers, he immediately made the circuit of the whole town, to

know who had the job, and then prepared to accompany it. He has often been to York and the counties of Scotland, to be present at the interment of a nobleman or gentleman; and in this respect he was no way biased by party, or religion; it was the same to him if he was Whig or Tory, out or in; whether a Roman Catholic, or a Protestant, a Jew, or a Presbyterian, they equally commanded his respect and attention, provided the funeral was magnificent. His highest ambition was to obtain one of the little escutcheons, which he considered as so many trophies of his glory; and being known to most of the undertakers, and a constant companion in their peregrinations, they seldom or ever refused him this request. Being entirely inattentive to his own affairs, he found himself in a state of distress, when he did not expect it; yet, though reduced to almost the want of the common necessities of life, his passion for death-hunting still prevailed; and when he could not ride, he walked on foot. But whenever the journey was of any length, he bribed the hearse-driver to let him be an inside passenger with the corpse. In this doleful state he traversed England more than once; but unfortunately fell a martyr, at length, to his strange whim. Being an inside passenger, on one of these solemn occasions, in very hot weather, and there being no air hole, as there usually is, in the hearse, when they took out the corpse, they found poor Mr. L. dead from suffocation.

#### CONFUSION OF THE SENSES.

Some years ago there was a woman residing in the neighborhood of Lyons, who seemed to have the quality of one sense transferred to another. A very learned physician, a writer in the *Journal de Sante*, gives an account of having visited this woman at Lyons. He says, "to believe in apparent impossibilities, is often the necessity of men of science; but it is their good fortune likewise to discover, that the world contains many more miracles than is at first imagined; that nothing is impossible, as referred to the omnipotence of the Deity; and that impossibilities are much rarer in the combination of human life than the vanity of science will acknowledge.

"The woman whom I visited, and to whom I presented several sorts of medicines, powders, simples, compounds, and many other substances, which I am convinced she never saw before, told me their several tastes, as nearly and with as much precision as taste could pronounce. She descri-

bed them, indeed, with astonishing exactness, and frequently when my own palate was confounded.

"Her eyes were next bound with a thick bandage, and I drew from my pockets several sorts of silk ribbons. All those that differed in the original colors she immediately told me. It was in vain to attempt puzzling her; she made no mistake; she passed the ribband merely through her hand, and immediately decided on its peculiar color. She could in fact, discover the quality of any thing by the touch or taste, as accurately as I could do with my eyes.

"The organs of hearing were then closed, as well as the contrivance of stuffing the ears would answer the purpose. I then commenced a conversation with a friend in the apartment, and spoke in almost inaudible whispers. She repeated, with great power of memory, every word of the conversation. In short, I came away a convert, in other words, believed what I had seen. A philosopher knows the fallibility of the senses; but he should know, likewise, that science ought not to reject because it cannot have demonstration."

### POETRY.

#### THE BOY-GOD SLEPT BY THE LULLABY.

*From the Spanish.*

The boy-god slept by the lullaby  
Of crystal streams, whose waters threw  
Bright pearls on flowers, that smilingly  
Upon the banks of emerald grew.

And while he slept, the careless child !  
His mother stole his quiver full  
Of arrows, which she laughing filed,  
For use had made the arrows dull.

She linger'd long among the flowers,  
Amidst the gems, which silent night  
Flings o'er this fairy world of ours,  
Making far brighter what is bright.

She lingered long, but sought in vain  
Balm for her silent secret wound,  
Yet smiled she oft in spite of pain,  
And seem'd to find what ne'er she found.  
Cupid slept by the lullaby, &c.

And Cupid woke, for he had dream'd  
Of jealousy and woke in tears ;  
Well might he weep, who never seem'd  
To feel for others' woes or fears.

The nightingale's sweet music made  
A chorus with the silver rill,  
The rude winds with the foliage play'd,  
Wafting the leaves o'er vale and hill.

O then console thee, gentle swain !  
For love a treacherous child was aye,

This was the solitary strain,  
That once a lover's grief could stay.  
Cupid slept by the lullaby, &c.

### MELANCHOLY.

There is a mighty spirit, known on earth  
By many names, though one alone becomes  
Its mystery, its beauty, and its power.  
It is not Fear—'tis not the passive Fear  
That sinks before the future, nor the dark  
Despondency that hangs upon the past ;  
Not the soft spirit that doth bow to pain,  
Nor that which dreads itself, nor slowly eats  
Like a dull canker, till the heart decays.  
But in the meditative mind it lives,  
Shelter'd, caress'd, and yields a great return :  
And in the deep silent communion  
Which it holds ever with the poet's soul,  
Temper, and doth fit him to obey  
High inspiration. To the storms and winds  
It giveth answer in as proud a tone  
Or on its seat, the heart of man, receives  
The gentler tidings of the elements.  
I—often home returning from a spot  
Holy to me from many wanderings  
Of fancy, or in fact, have felt the power  
Of *Melancholy* stealing on my soul,  
Mingling with pleasant images, and from  
Sorrow dividing joy, until the shape  
Of each did gather a diviner hue,  
And shone, unclouded by a thought of pain.  
Grief may sublime itself, and pluck the sting  
From out its breast, and muse until it seem  
Ethereal starry, speculative, wise ;  
But then it is that melancholy comes,  
Out-charming grief (as the grey morning stills  
The tempest oft) and from its fretful fire  
Draws a pale light, by which we see ourselves,  
The present, and the future, and the past.

### STANZAS TO —

Sphered in the stillness of those heavenly eyes  
The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,  
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple  
Sacred to holy thinking.—*Evadne.*

I knew not that the world contain'd  
A form so lovely as thine own ;  
Nor deem'd that where such beauty reign'd  
Humility would fix her throne.  
For I had mark'd, where eyes were bright,  
Too well their owners knew their pow'r,  
And arm'd them with that dazzling light  
The sun emits at noontide's hour :  
Too proud to veil a single ray,  
Or one effulgent glance surrender,  
And glittering with the blaze of day,  
And scorning twilight's softer splendor.

I knew not, where the form display'd  
Such symmetry and grace as thine,  
That intellect would lend its aid,  
And sentiment there raise her shrine.  
For I had mark'd where form and face  
Had beauty's varied charms combined,  
There oft was wanting feeling's trace—  
The beam of soul—the ray of mind.

And vain has been each studied art,  
And futile ev'ry cold endeavor—  
The light that comes not from the heart  
A moment shines, then fades for ever.

But I, at last, have turned from those  
Whom once I knew, to gaze on thee,  
On thee, whose cheek's divinest glows  
Reveal thy bosom's purity.  
The summer-sky is calm, serene,  
The summer-ocean mildly fair,  
As if some bright, some heavenly scene  
In beauty were reflected there ;  
And thus when on thy brow I gaze,  
And view the lights around gleaming,  
They seem to be the living rays  
From heart, and soul, and spirit beaming.

### TO —

Surely thy face was given me for a dower !  
That clear and lofty brow is as a throne  
Where sovereign beauty sits—silent, alone,  
And humble, mid the light of all its power.  
It is a book, in which, hour after hour,  
I study thy pure thoughts, until mine own  
Seem purified, and lifted to a tone  
Of not unfitting music. What a shower  
Of living light—sparkling, and pure, and wild  
Springs from thine eyes when joy is smiling there !  
It sets my spirits dancing! yet how mild !  
Not milder are the patient-hearted doves—  
When silent sorrow fills them ! Memory loves  
To tell me of the smiles less than the tear

### IMITATED FROM THE 7TH OF PETRARCH.

Heart-withering lust, and sloth, and beds of down,  
Have banished every virtue from the earth :  
Hence our high nature, her immortal birth  
Forgetting, is by custom trodden down,  
As by a conqueror's footstep ; hence the crown  
Of radiant light, which told her primal worth,  
Is blurr'd and broken. Wonder and base mirth  
Wait on the Muses ; or a bad world's frown.

"Who loves the laurel and the myrtle now ?  
Contempt and nakedness are all the train  
Of poor philosophy !" These are the cries  
Of senseless crowds, intent on their vile gain.  
But not the less, clear spirit! lift thy brow,  
And to the end pursue thy high emprise.

### SONNET—DEATH.

It is not death, that some time in a sigh, [flight ;  
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless  
That some time the live stars, which now reply  
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night ;  
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish  
quite,  
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow ; [spright  
That verse shall cease, and the immortal  
Be lapp'd in silent clay, and laid below :  
It is not death to know this, but to know  
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves,  
In tender pilgrimage will cease to go  
So duly and so oft ; and when grass waves  
Over the past-away, there may be then  
No resurrections in the minds of men !



## GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.

*The Revolutionary Army.*—He who expects gratitude from republics, is a brother to him who "seeks constancy in winds." The time-honored heroes of the septennial war have never appealed to the gratitude of America, probably from a conviction that it would be as fruitless as to ask mercy from Shylock. How many "pounds of flesh" our country demanded from these old warriors we know not: but the world knows that she caused them to shed many "drops of blood." All that they have ever asked from her in return, has been justice, not gratitude. But in opposition to their just claims, stands the all-glorious and godlike spirit of republican economy. It will be much cheaper, after they shall have sunk to death, to build a monument to their memory, and the sooner we can starve them, the sooner can this mighty Republic make an economical contract for the marble and free-stone to compose the grand pile of Republican honor.

The historian who shall transmit to posterity the fame of the greatest band of men that ever existed at one time, cannot possibly "set down aught in malice," in narrating their wrongs, for language cannot be too severe and reproachful in detailing the gross, heartless, oppressive and disgraceful treatment, which these injured men have received from their unnatural, their parrioidal country. It has been our good fortune to know many of the officers of the septennial war. They are a spirited and noble class of men—comparing them with their descendants, we might almost say that they are a separate and higher order of beings. They were gentlemen, in the true sense of the word; gentlemen of the old school, when the word had some meaning attached to it, and before "every Jack became a gentleman." They sacrificed every thing for America; hereditary wealth and ancestral honors, prospects of promotion and claims of inheritance; all were sacrificed. And what have they gained?—an immortal name and mortal misery. They warmed their country into life, and in return, the viper has stung them to the heart.

## IDLE HOURS.

The choicest blessings must sometimes be sacrificed to avert calamity, as Rome was saved by the plunge of Curtius into the yawning gulf. There are times when fate must be propitiated by hecatombs, and the most ardent wishes of the heart must be immolated at the altar of Fortune.

The ancients could not sustain their ironical spirit even in giving names to their gods. The revengeful Furies, with their flaming torches and snaky heads, must even be called "Eumenides," the *benevolent*! and the stern and unbending daughters of Necessity, the relentless Fates, must be called "Parce" the *sparing*! What an epithet for that power, to whom Virgil could give no stronger appellation than "*inexorabile fatum*."

To contemplate the events of life too closely, leads insensibly to a belief in *fatality*. Prudence frequently loses the game which rashness wins; judgment breaks down on the road, and folly attains the goal; the structure of talent is prostrated, while stupidity builds a palace. These things are strange, and the mind is strongly disposed to throw the blame from itself and consider destiny as its enemy. This idea solaces the pride while it enfeebles the energies. Restless curiosity vainly attempts to solve the mystery; for it is a mystery that depravity should be permitted to look up in the face of day, that hypocrisy should be the companion of success, and that honor and honesty, and virtue, should not rule earth as well as inherit heaven. But human existence itself is an unfathomable mystery: then why seek to understand the existence of evil, moral and physical? Why should the body be subject to its thousand torments, and the mind to its thousand pangs? Why is passion powerful, and reason weak? If good be mightier than evil, why is not evil annihilated? Can philosophy tell? Not till she receives her lesson from "the great teacher, Death!"

It was a beautiful thought of old, to ascribe divination to the swan, because he welcomed death with his sweetest song, foreseeing his happiness and delighted with his release from life.

*Park Theatre.*—The more we witness Mr. Macready's performances, the more we are delighted with them. This is perhaps the truest test of histrionic genius. The hue of novelty is washed away, yet the attraction not only remains, but increases in force. We consider Mr. Macready's Roman characters his best. His figure is Roman, his face and gait are Roman, and when he appears before us clad in the "toza virilis," he seems truly one of "the commonwealth of Kings, the men of Rome." We cannot refrain from a comparison between his Virginius and that of Cooper, "odious" as comparisons may be. Mr. Cooper strangles poor Appius Claudius before our eyes: he clasps Mr. Woodhull by the throat, and after allowing decent time for the vital spark to find its way through the roof of the theatre, down drops Appius, "as dead as any door-nail." We have always disliked this, and imagination has never persuaded us that when Appius's throat is in Mr. C's hands, Mr. Woodhull's windpipe is not as well ventilated as ever. Mr. Macready manages this far better. He seizes Appius by the throat and drags him from before our eyes—in a moment we hear a groan—the scene changes to another part of the prison, and we discover the prostrate form of Appius, and the stern avenger of a daughter's death, kneeling above the lifeless decemvir, in grand and gloomy silence. The effect is imposing and impressive.

Mr. Barry, of the Brighton Theatre, who appeared last Saturday evening, for the first time in America, is a very respectable tragedian. He personated "The Stranger"—and gave many of

the passages with much effect. The play was very well cast. Barnes, as Peter, forced the gravest men in the theatre to laugh, while his interesting wife, as Mrs. Haller, threw seriousness upon the faces of the gayest. Mrs. Weeally, who is unrivalled in her line of characters, was perfect to nature in the self-important Charlotte, and Mrs. Sharpe, who is always in character when she personates a lady, was at home in the "Countess." Mr. Richings has improved very much within the last twelve months; he is ambitious and persevering, too very important requisites in an actor.

The charming Mrs. Knight wins more and more upon public favor; the most gratifying praise that she can receive is to be found in the deep and breathless attention with which every hearer listens to her song.

It gives us real pleasure to be enabled to bestow so much just and merited praise upon this establishment. As long as the manager continues to take the pains to please the public, that he has taken this winter, so long we shall say to him, "Go on and prosper."

## THE GERMAN DRAMA.

"*The Stranger*."—This play is more frequently acted on our boards than any other of the German school, excepting perhaps that of "Pizarro." We admire the metaphysical genius of German philosophy, the wild creations of German romance, and the mystical grandeur and shadowy beauty of German poetry. But the "*Stranger*" is not at all to our taste. It has too much sickly and morbid sensibility, and we are generally disposed with Sir Peter Teazle, to "d—n all sentiment." Because a man's wife runs away, is he to forswear the world, renounce his rank in life, neglect his duties to society, and forego the activity and the energy of soul which alone keep existence from stagnation? There is neither common nor uncommon sense in this. "Macduff," who disputes his misfortunes "like a man," as well as "feels them as a man," is worth a hundred of these moping and sentimental recluses. The play is revolting too in its termination. The Stranger, to be in character, ought to take his coffee at sunset, gaze on the declining orb as he bathes with his glory the arc of the horizon, load his pistols with the best canister powder and leaden pills, deliver a speech extempore to Francis, and then blow what brains he has in "tenues auras." Then let Mrs. Haller come in and faint, after giving a hearty shriek, and to wind up, let old Solomon enter and swear that his correspondent at Constantinople had not acquainted him with the Stranger's intentions to commit suicide. To reconcile a man of delicacy, spirit and honor (as the Stranger is represented to be) to Mrs. Haller, after the eternally-discovering cause of their estrangement, is equally inconsistent with the principle and the pride which belong to a high-blooded and high-minded man. They should be made to go through the circle of life upon its diverging radii, and each step should widen the distance between them. They should be, to use the beautiful language of the inspired Byron, like those

"have parted  
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, though broken-  
hearted."

Is it natural that honor should clasp the hand of dishonor—that guilt should ever regain the confidence of pure and injured virtue—that unsullied integrity should ever permit its bosom to be the resting-place of impurity, whatever its delicacy and its charm might once have been? Ask this of unerring nature, and she will answer, No!

Mr. EDWIN FORREST, who is now performing at the New-York Theatre, with such satisfaction to the public and *à l'air* to himself, we learn, was born in Philadelphia on the 9th of March, 1806. At an early age he was intended for the ministry, but the untimely death of his father, which took place at the very time he was about entering college, frustrated all his designs, and he left the study for the counting room. A mercantile life ill becoming his genius, and from infancy being enamored of recitation, he soon left the desk for the stage, and his first debut was on the Philadelphia boards, in the character of Young Norval; which being received with so much approbation, that he played successively Octavian, Zaphira, Mahomet and Frederick, (in the Lovers Vows.) The applause with which his first appearances were loaded, stamped the future fortune of his life. Young Forrest (for he was young) resolved to become a tragedian; and for the purpose of improvement, and experience in his art, resolved to visit the Western Theatres; that, removed from the severe city critics, by practice he might attain a thorough knowledge of his profession. In the states of Kentucky and Ohio, he played every character in the range of the drama, from Richard III to Robert Raffer. Descending the Mississippi, he next proceeded to New-Orleans, where he played with much *clat*. At length a disagreement arising between Mr. Forrest, and the manager of that theatre, for whom he had played both in that city and elsewhere, he took shipping, and arrived in Baltimore, whence he proceeded to Philadelphia on a visit to his family. While in New-Orleans, however, we should have mentioned that he received a kind and flattering letter from our liberal and enterprising manager, Mr. Gilfert, at that time lessee of the Albany theatre. After a short stay in his native city, he proceeded thence, and in September, 1825, made his first appearance in our state. While in Albany he played second characters to Kean, Conway, Cooper, &c. and in the absence of stars, the first in the range of the drama devolved on him.

On the termination of this engagement, by invitation he proceeded to Philadelphia, and for a second time appeared there in June last, in the character of Jaffier, followed by Rolla, &c. which established for him a reputation, not only honorable to himself, but gratifying to his fellow-townsmen.

His next step was to Washington, where he played two nights. It was while in the Capital,

that he first appeared in Damon, a character, in which he has achieved more honor than in almost any other. Proceeding from Washington to Baltimore, he played with increased success; and, lastly, he arrived in our city. The reception he has met with here, must have overstepped his most sanguine expectations. There never was an actor, who coming among, as it were, almost totally unknown, in so short a space, established so high a reputation. Mr. Forrest is a gentleman of high genius, and promises to become one of the brightest ornaments of the stage. We have already spoken in exalted terms of his performances, and having, since our last critique, seen him in several other characters, we cannot, in justice, abate one tittle of our humble praise.

With a good person and a sonorous voice, he exhibits a just conception of his author; to a true and correct reading, he adds a clear and distinct enunciation. To become distinguished in any art, requires deep study and much experience. We trust for Mr. Forrest's own sake, that the rapturous applause with which he has been greeted here, will not abate his exertions; for, we predict, that with proper attention, he will rank, in a very few years, with the first actors of this or any age.

*New-York Theatre.*—The managers of this establishment leave no means untried to gratify the public taste. On Monday last we had a rich treat in witnessing the joint exertions of Hamblin, Forrest, and Mrs. Duff, in *Venice Preserved*. We have seldom seen a tragedy more strongly cast. Mr. Hamblin is an actor of considerable merit; his appearance on the stage, shows the dignity of human nature in a gratifying light. Had nature done as much for his mind as she has for his person, he would have been one of the brightest ornaments of the age; but his conception is not always just, nor his execution natural. Mrs. Duff's Belvidera, excels any thing we have seen since the days of Miss O'Neal. The loving, and then the disconsolate wife; the distracted, forsaken frail one, and, lastly, the maniac widow, were executed with such power and energy, as to stamp her, in our mind, the first tragic actress in this country.

On Tuesday, Mrs. G. Barrett's benefit took place, and we were happy to observe, that a full and fashionable audience testified their approbation of this beautiful and meritorious actress.

On Wednesday, we were present to witness Mr. Hamblin's *Othello*, and Mr. Forrest's *Iago*. We cannot award to Mr. Hamblin the meed of applause in this character, which is his due in *Pierre*, *Virginus*, &c. He was generally tame, and in the passionate scenes pitched his voice so far beyond its natural compass, that it sounded not only inharmonious, but rendered his enunciation oftentimes indistinct; in several passages, too, his readings were, in our opinion, incorrect. A word to Mr. Hamblin—let him not take liberties with his author, but speak all the words set down. Take his performance all in all, it achieved him no additional honor.

In the days of Cooke, the question was started,

whether Shakspeare intended *Othello* or *Iago* to be the principal personage in this tragedy. For our part, we think that its title sufficiently testifies Shakspeare's intention. Yet we must in candour say, that *Iago* in Mr. Forrest's hands seemed the more conspicuous character; still, he did not quite equal our expectations. In many passages, he was too colloquial and too passionless, but he looked the villain, and exhibited a better conception than we ever saw before; so much so, we wonder not that the Moor's "noble nature" was imposed on.

It might be envious to draw a comparison between two distinguished actors. We cannot, however, omit this opportunity to say, in a word, that in so far as genius excels talent, in so far does Mr. Forrest tower above Mr. Hamblin.

We have seen a Mr. Isherwood at this theatre. He is a stranger to us. He exhibited much talent, but his walk is most *un-tragic*. Let him amend this, and he will become a favorite.

#### THE WINTER HEARTH.

"The cricket chirrups in the hearth;  
The crackling faggot flies."

GOLDSMITH.

Welcome once more December, with thy bright skies and thy bracing atmosphere. Do not prate to me of the d. lights of summer, of her dewy mornings and her golden sunsets, of her flower wreath, and her harvest fields; beautiful as they all are in themselves, they never compensate for their accompaniments of scorching days, and nights of feverish wakefulness. What comfort is there in any thing, when the thermometer is fluctuating between 80 and 90 degrees, and the sun pours his fire for fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, upon us, leaving us for but a brief breathing space—to rise with his brassy face upon the morrow, and with increasing heat, rendering earth and air intolerable, and breaking down the rugged frame of health and strength into weariness and languor. No, no—the winter hearth for me, with its ruddy domain of tranquillity and enjoyment; view it at whatever time you please, and comfort is its never-ceasing attendant. How merrily the flame curls and eddies up the chimney, while you sit at the breakfast table, supping your coffee and taking your buckwheat cakes with the keen appetite of winter. And then again, after having despatched the business of the morning (whatever that may be) "for every man has business such as it is," how the bright blazing hearth greets you with its enlivening influence; how comfortable to sit down and chat over the passing events of the day, while the cloth is spreading for dinner, and the prospect of the table is improving every instant upon the sight.

People talk of summer evenings, of majestic trees, and vistas: and lakes with fleets of wild ducks careering among the water-lilies. All idle and unsubstantial as the bubble upon the valley's brook. These aforesaid trees hewed into billets, and blazing upon the hearth, look far better, and the same ducks are infinitely more interesting when quietly reposing upon the table well stuffed



and basted, than ever they were upon their native lakes. But it is not either at the breakfast or dinner hour that the winter's hearth appears to the best advantage; but when the brief twilight is mingling with the long night, and the stars are peering through the frosty air, the room well warmed from the fires of the day, and the whole hearth covered with a mingled mass of glowing embers. Then it is that the winter hearth shines in all its splendor. Kind reader, just sit down now, and make yourself at home. The family are all out, and I have got the room to myself.—Do you smoke? You will find a genuine Dosa-mycos on the mantle-piece. How fantastically the smoke rises from the fragrant leaf, circle above circle to the ceiling, soothing the mind into a state of voluptuous dream-like existence. Stir up the fire now, do not let it go down for the north-wester is whistling more shrilly every minute, and clamoring louder and louder for admittance. But there are others besides the winds of heaven anxious for admittance. There is a knocking at the door; and hark, in the hall there is the tread of iron heels, the rustling of silks, and the gay prattle of female voices. Why cousin Kate, I have not taken you by the hand for many a long day, but you are cold. How could you have the inhumanity to let those ivory fingers be exposed uncovered to the winter wind. Doctor, your most obedient; and Elizabeth and Sarah, glad am I to see you. Now

"Draw the curtains, wheel the sofa round,"

And then for a social chat, a glass of wine, and a song if we can get one. How the cold wind has heightened the glow upon the cheeks, and braced the sylph-like forms of our fair friends, and just look at Kate now, how her fine expressive countenance is lighted up with blushing joy as she leans her head to listen to something her affianced husband is whispering in her ear. But my good Doctor, you are engrossing Kate too much to yourself. We must have a song from her, I hope, yet to night; there is no necessity for reiterated intreaty nor affectation of inability. She has willingness as well as ability to please her friends, and we shall be favored with a song. And now, attention to our kind songstress.

#### FAREWELL.

Farewell, but still remember,  
When thou art far away,  
How sad the heart that loves thee,  
Must pine at thy delay;  
And when thine eye shall wander  
A thwart the dark blue sea,  
O glance one thought beyond it,  
And then remember me.

When western skies are fading,  
And winds and waves are still,  
And twilight's mist is stealing  
To robe the distant hill;  
When our lov'd star is glancing  
O'er rock, and flood, and tree,  
O think how oft we've watch'd it,  
And then remember me.

There may you meet the welcome  
Of friends you fondly love,

And heal h and pleasure brighten  
The path where'er you rove;  
But yet mid pleasure's sunshine,  
Still give a thought to me,  
Nor wrong the heart in absence,  
That beats alone for thee.

With what imperceptible rapidity the hours pass away, when the fire-side circle is enlivened by mirth and good humour! And now, courteous reader, is there any thing in the round of summer's lassitude so exhilarating as the social circle round the winter hearth? The evening has passed away delightfully, in all innocent gratification, and we may now steal snugly to our warm beds, undisturbed by the buzzing of mosquitoes, and dream of music—of rosy cheeks, and love-breathing lips, through the long winter night.

V. G.

**George IV.**—The following anecdote deserves to be recorded. It refers to one of the many praise-worthy acts of this much calumniated king. We presume there is no treason in publishing the truth about an individual, even if he happens to be a monarch.

A few years ago when George IV. visited Ireland, he remained some time in Dublin, its capital. As it was expected that he would attend divine service, an eminent clergyman was appointed to preach before him. When the time approached, the clergyman fell sick, and it became necessary to appoint another to perform that duty. Dr. Magee, author of a work on the Atonement, being in Dublin, he was solicited to preach before his Majesty. He accepted the invitation. The Doctor was a warm, zealous Churchman, of enlightened views, and liberal, evangelical sentiments. When the Sabbath came, he read the prayers, ascended the pulpit and gave out the following text, Acts xvi, 31. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house." In this discourse he expatiated on the necessity of repentance, faith and holiness. The command to believe—the object of faith, (the Lord Jesus Christ) the character of him on whom we are called to believe, the importance of doing so for our own safety and as an example to others, but particularly our own house; with the individual, local and national advantages of religion, were all eloquently and honestly presented to his Majesty, and his court, present on the occasion. After he had held forth the doctrine of justification by faith, he powerfully insisted on a change of heart, without which it was impossible for any individual to arrive at heaven. His boldness and earnestness surprised and alarmed the courtiers of his Majesty, who had not been accustomed to such plain dealing. All were looking for a reproof from the sovereign for the boldness of the preacher; but though his sermon, was a subject of general conversation, his Majesty alone retained a total silence respecting it, never alluding to the circumstance for several months.—During this time, the archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, died, and the Right Reverend Lord John Beresford, archbishop of Dublin, was appointed to succeed him. The See of Dublin being in the gift of the crown, a list of candidates was nominated to his Majesty, for each of whom powerful interest was made. Dr. Magee, not being a favorite on account of his evangelical sentiments, was neglected. When his Majesty proceeded to make the appointment, he announced the name of the faithful, able and eloquent preacher, who had delivered a discourse be-

fore him in Dublin. He was told it was Dr. Magee. "Then," said he, "the man that fears not to preach the whole truth before his king, shall be honored, and Dr. Magee shall be archbishop of Dublin." After saying this, he took his pen, and filled the blank in the deed of gift with Dr. Magee.

**Symmes's Theory.**—Captain Symmes has returned to our city, and is again lecturing on his favorite Theory. He is listened to with interest and attention, and those who are not convinced by his arguments cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which he advances them.

**To our Country Subscribers.**—We would suggest two things to our Country Subscribers—when they transmit money, to our office let it be in bills of the United States Bank, which are not subject to discount—and let them pay the full postage of their letters, when double, instead of paying single postage. They gain nothing by this plan; the clerks in the New-York Post Office have eyes and know how to use them, and the extra postage is charged to each subscriber who subjects the establishment to it.

One thing further; our country subscribers are indebted to us to a large amount—they must pay.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### RATS AND FLORENCE OIL.

A gentleman receiving a present of some Florence oil, the flasks were set in his cellar, at the bottom of a shallow box; the oil not being wanted for use, they remained there for some time; when the owner, going one day by chance into the cellar, was surprised to find the wicker-work, by which the flasks were stopped, gnawed from the greater part of them, and upon examination the oil sunk about two inches or two inches and a half from the neck of each flask. It soon occurred to him, that it must be the work of some kind of vermin; and being a man of a speculative turn, he resolved to satisfy the curiosity raised in his mind he accordingly found means to watch, and actually detected three rats in the very fact. The neck of the flasks was long and narrow, it required therefore some contrivance: one of these stood upon the edge of the box, while another, mounting his back, dipped his tail into the flask, and presenting it to a third to lick; they then changed places; the rat which stood uppermost descended, and was accommodated in the same manner with the tail of his companion, till it was his turn to act the porter, and he took his station at the bottom. In this manner the three rats alternately relieved each other, and banqueted upon the oil till they had sunk it beyond the length of their tails.

## POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Dr. Darwin gives the following instance of the power of superstition on the mind, which, two centuries ago, would have been accounted witchery: A young Warwickshire farmer, finding his hedge broken and robbed during a severe winter, determined to watch for the thief. He chose a moonlight night, and lay many hours beneath the shade and shelter of a hay-stack. He suffered much from the cold, and at mid-night was about to retire; but at that moment appeared a decrepid old woman, of appearance much corresponding with the popular notion of a witch: she hastily collected a bundle of sticks from the hedge, and was about to carry them off; the farmer sprang from his concealment, and seized the old woman, as the nightly thief of his property. After some struggling, the old woman, who displayed great personal strength and determination, suddenly knelt down upon her bundle of sticks, and, after silently raising her withered arms to the moon, then at the full, she thus addressed the already half-frozen farmer: "Heaven grant thou mayst never again enjoy the blessings of *warmth*." The terrified farmer left her, and made his way home, under the full effect of the cold spell. He complained of extreme cold the following day; wore an extra upper coat; then another; and at length, in despair, took to his bed, which was continually heaped with blankets, which covered even his face—and in which he actually lay *until his death*, which did not happen until twenty years after.

## DRINKERS.

There are three sorts of drinkers. The first class drink to satisfy nature and support existence; the second are somewhat more bibulous, and take a larger quantum, to exhilarate the frame and cheer the heart—to give vivacity to manner, and brighter conversations to wit, as well as to ensure them sound repose. These we may be allowed to call lawful drinkers; but the third class, those who swallow potations deep for no earthly purpose but to enervate the body and stupify the mind, are wholly indefensible. Upon their own shewing, they deserve to be ranked *with*, if not *below*, the beasts that perish, seeing that it is their constant aim to render their reason oblivious, without possessing its next kin, instinct.

## BOBART THE NATURALIST.

Dr. Grey, in one of his notes to Hud-

cras, tells the following story of this eminent naturalist, who was keeper of the physic garden at Oxford, in the reign of Charles II.—"He made a dead rat resemble the common picture of dragons, by altering its head and tail, and thrusting in taper sharp sticks, which distended the skin on both sides till it resembled wings. He let it dry as hard as possible. The learned immediately pronounced it a dragon; and one of them sent an accurate description of it to Dr. Magliabechi, librarian, to the grand duke of Tuscany. Several fine copies of verses were written on so rare a subject; but at last Mr. Bobart owned the cheat, however it was looked upon as a masterpiece of art, and as such deposited in the museum.

## LOSS OF HAIR.

A very remarkable case has occurred with a man in the Schoolwynd of Paisley. The hair of his head, and likewise his beard has entirely come away from his skin without any apparent cause for so striking a change. He is perfectly well in health, and can assign no reason for the loss of his hair. He had formerly a good head of hair, and an ordinary strong or rough beard, and in the short space of six weeks he has been marvellously deprived of both. He was nearly eleven years in a militia regiment, during which period, in order to attend parade in a decent and cleanly manner, he was necessitated to shave his beard generally once a day; and now, to the astonishment of all his friends he has not to perform any labour of the kind.

A traveller was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well cut ham, and the *left* leg of a goose. "Pray sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a *left* leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is *left*!"

## SONG.

Whither, ah whither is my lost love straying—  
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea?

Oh! ye winds now playing,  
Like airy spirits, 'round my temples, free,  
Fly and tell him this from me.

Tell him, sweet winds, that in my woman's bosom,  
My young love still retains its perfect power,  
Or like the summer blossom  
Still changing from the bud to the full-blown flower,  
Grows with every passing hour.

Say, and say gently, that since we two parted,  
How little joy—much sorrow I have known,  
Only not broken-hearted,  
Because I muse upon bright moments gone,  
And think and dream of him alone.

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